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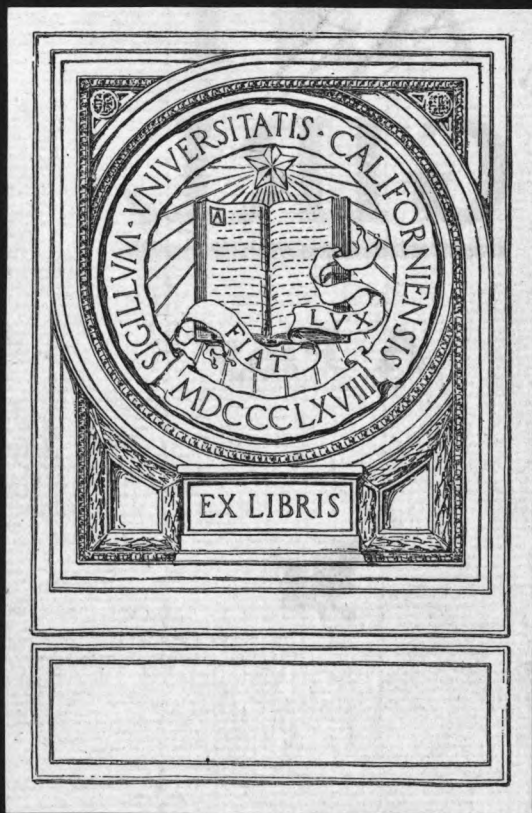
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# ANY GIRL

A Play



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NEW YORK



# ANY GIRL



## A PLAY FOR CAMP FIRE GIRLS

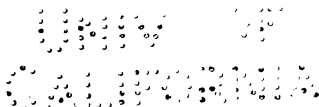
### PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS

By MISS ELLA LOUNSBURY

In collaboration with Miss Frances Jeffery

With contributions by Miss Esther Morton Smith  
and

Miss Helen Fuchs



**Price, 15 Cents**

HS 3353  
.C3L7

Copyright 1914  
By The Camp Fire Girls

TO THE  
ALUMNIA

## INTRODUCTION

The play, "Any Girl," which we publish in this number, was first given by the Camp Fires of the Young Women's Christian Association of Los Angeles, California. A member of the Board who saw the performance said that if every business man in the city had seen it, conditions for the store girls would be bettered, and there would never be a lack for money to carry on the work. The play supplies the need for something that will represent the Camp Fire movement, and at the same time give entertainment. It was written by Miss Ella Lounsbury, to meet local conditions, and was by her permission rewritten and arranged for general use by Miss Frances Jeffrey. It has offered an opportunity to publish a new song by Esther Morton Smith, of Germantown, Pa., and a ceremony for the induction into the rank of Torch Bearer by Helen Fuchs, of Buffalo, N. Y. National Honors were awarded for these contributions.

The play is best given in the open air, for two scenes require woodland settings. But as it was first given in a gymnasium, there is no reason why some bona fide woods cannot be brought to an interior stage. It will be especially suitable for performance at a Grand Council Fire, as more than one Camp Fire can take part in its production.

The songs used in the play, except when otherwise noted, are the regular Camp Fire songs, and may be purchased from The Camp Fire Outfitting Co., 17 West 17th Street, New York.

**335173**





# ANY GIRL

## A CAMP FIRE GIRLS' PLAY

### CHARACTERS

ANY GIRL	
MELKEDASE .....	Guardian of City Camp Fire
BETTY	} .....
PEGGY	
ESTHER	
MARIAN	
TILLIE	
FRIEDA	
GRACE	} .....
GERTRUDE	
ANNA	
JOSIE	
BERTHA	
ELIZABETH	
LILLIAN	} .....
TOA .....	
	Country Camp Fire Girls
	Guardian of Country Camp Fire

### PROLOGUE.

Welcome to you, friends of Camp Fire,  
Welcome, mothers; welcome, Comrades;  
In the name of all our maidens  
Gladly give I greeting to you,  
Bid you come within the circle,  
Charmed circle of Wohelo,  
Stretching eastward, stretching northward,  
Stretching westward, stretching southward,  
Binding all our fair young maidens  
In the mystic sign WOHELO,  
Work, and health, and love the watchword.

Come as Any Girl among us,  
Full of hunger, full of longing,  
Find with her a home among us,  
Laughter, comrades, joy of being,  
Knowledge that to her means seeking  
All the hidden secret meanings  
Found in life and in its living;

Come with her into our work-room,  
Look with eyes that see beyond us  
Into all the inner beauty,  
Beauty of a strange, sweet fragrance,  
Fragrance of a world of blossoms.  
Look and listen, be one of us,  
Be a comrade in the circle,  
Mystic circle of Wohelo.

## ACT I.

**CAMPING SCENE.**—Tent pitched in a clearing of woods.

Only sign of camp life is a smouldering fire.

(Enter Any Girl, dressed as country girl. Sits on tree-stump at side of stage.)

**ANY GIRL** (discontentedly)—Oh! I'm so tired of these stupid woods. If only I could go to the city where there are people. How I envy the city girls, and all the things they can do! But my lot seems to be to stay on the farm, and just grow old, and shriveled and old. Sometimes—oh! what's this? (Seeing fire, tent, etc.) Looks as though some one is camping here. Who can it be? There's a skirt hanging by that tent, so they must be women or girls. (Starts to investigate camp.) Oh! if there were only some other girls around that I could do things with—I mean real ones, not stupid country girls like Anna and Josie. They seem to be satisfied to churn butter and drudge along day after day. (Hears Camp Fire Girls singing "The Song of the Road" in the distance. Hides behind bushes.)

(Enter Betty, Peggy, Esther, Marian, Tillie, Frieda, Gertie, with ponchos over shoulders, carrying kit, canteen and pails of blueberries. They are dressed in camp bloomers and middy blouses.)

**BETTY**—The best thing about hiking off for a night is coming back home again.

**PEGGY**—Yes, camp seems like a luxurious palace after sleeping out on the ground. Oh! but my bones ache!

**ESTHER**—But wasn't it fun! And didn't those blueberries taste good, eaten just after they were picked!

**BETTY**—You ate most of yours, didn't you, Essie? I'm saving mine for a big batch of canned fruit to take home.

MARIAN—Wow! I'm hungry! And there's nothing but a smouldering fire. That will never do. (Starts to gather firewood at back of stage.)

ESTHER—Who will fetch the water with me? Come, Peggy, with your brawny arm.

PEGGY (groans)—Well, I suppose a little more walking will limber up my joints. I wish I had a pedometer to count the miles I've walked today.

GERTIE—Come on, Grumpy, I'll go, too, to help carry you home.

(Exeunt Esther, Peggy and Gertie.)

TILLIE—Did you ever see anything like it the way Esther has changed? When she first came to camp she was the laziest thing!

FRIEDA—Imagine Esther volunteering to go for the water! And Peggy—well, even if she does groan, believe me, she enjoys hiking and roughing it more than she'll admit.

MARIAN (brings armful of firewood to front)—Here, Fire-makers, is the wood. Kindle the flame, I beseech you. (Bows low before Tillie and Frieda.)

(Tillie lays the fire and lights it, while the other girls busy themselves about camp.)

(Enter Melkedase and Grace.)

MELKEDASE—Why, we thought we'd beat you all home! Grace, what does this mean?

GIRLS—Aha! We found a short cut.

MELKEDASE—See the crackling fire! My, but that looks good! It means home for us weary wanderers.

(Starts to sing "Burn, Fire, Burn." On the second line, girls have all spontaneously joined in, and they sing the song through with actions. During song, ANY GIRL creeps out from behind bushes, and slowly draws near the circle. As they stop, she comes to them.)

ANY GIRL—If ever there was lonely mortal, it's I. Oh, do let me be around the fire with you just this evening.

MELKEDASE (takes both of her hands)—We welcome you to our fire! But where did you come from?

**ALL THE GIRLS** (gathering around Any Girl)—Tell us who you are?

**ANY GIRL**—Oh, just call me "Any Girl." I've lived in the country all my life, and if you knew how lonely I've been you would let me pretend I am one of you tonight. And will you teach me some of the things you know?

**MELKEDASE**—We have much to learn from you, all the secrets of the woods, and the birds and flowers. For we are from the city, and two weeks of camping in the woods makes just a beginning for all that we want to know.

(Enter girls who went for water. Esther carries pail, while Gertie supports Peggy, who limps painfully across stage.)

**PEGGY**—Ouch! I guess it wasn't any joke that Gert came along to carry me home.

**GIRLS**—What's the matter, Peggy?

**GERTIE**—I think her ankle is sprained. She twisted it, sliding down hill.

**TILLIE**—Where is the emergency kit?

**FRIEDA** (brings it from tent)—Here it is. Let me bandage it.

**GERTIE**—No, I'll bandage it, for it was partly my fault that Peggy sprained it. Oh, for some hot water!

(Takes off Peggy's shoe, while Frieda puts water on fire. Girls all sing lustily to tune of "John Brown's Body.")

"Peggy's ankle is a-swelling round the joints,  
Peggy's ankle is a-swelling round the joints,  
Peggy's ankle is a-swelling round the joints,  
While the water waits to boil."

(Gertie bathes it in hot and cold water alternately, and then bandages it deftly.)

**ANY GIRL**—Who taught you girls to know just what to do? And how do you all happen to sing together when you do things?

**BETTY**—That's because we work together, and play together.

**TILLIE**—And laugh together. You should have heard the camp the other night, when Betty served vinegar instead of syrup with her fried mush.

MELKEDASE—Yes, the owls in the trees over there looked down on us very reprovingly.

ANY GIRL—But how did you all happen to come out here together? Were you all friends before? Tell me!

FRIEDA—No, we weren't all friends before. But we are now since Melkedase came to be our Guardian. You see, we are all members of the same Camp Fire—that explains it.

ANY GIRL—The same Camp Fire? What do you mean? Just while you are camping here?

GRACE—No, this is just our vacation. We have a Camp Fire all the year round. You see, we are Camp Fire Girls.

FRIEDA—We are going back to the city tomorrow, and back to work, some of us—and some of us to school. But we'll meet every week, and kindle our fire, and gather around to work and play together.

MELKEDASE—And we shall always think back to our Camp Fire here in the woods, because of what it has meant to us. Girls, let's tell Any Girl about our "God of the Open Air."

(While two girls are getting things ready for supper at back of stage, the others drop down about the fire and Any Girl sits on the log just at right of fire. The lights grow dim. Girls repeat the poem—Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air."—each one reciting a stanza.)

ANY GIRL—How beautiful! It's just the way I feel sometimes when I'm in the woods alone, but I never knew anybody had written about it that way. Is that the kind of thing you learn in your Camp Fire?

MELKEDASE—One kind. You must come to the city some time, Any Girl, and see all the different things we have learned to do.

ANY GIRL—I only wish I could! And, oh! how I wish there was a Camp Fire that I could belong to. But I must go, for it is long past supper time, and I have some chores to do before I go to bed. You see, I'm a farmer's daughter.

MELKEDASE—Before you go, let us sing a good-night song. (All sit around the fire and sing, "Lay Me To Sleep in Sheltering Flame." After they stop singing, they all sit looking into fire while curtain drops slowly.)

## ACT II.

SCENE.—Room fixed for handicraft exhibit. Long table with Indian baskets, pottery, stenciling, home-made jellies, bread, cake, canned fruit, samples of sewing. The eight city Camp Fire girls are seated around, working on different things. Three candles on table, unlighted.

TILLIE (lays aside the stenciling brush)—Oh, I most hate to stop. This is such fascinating work. But it is nearly seven o'clock, and Melkedase will soon be back for our own little Camp Fire.

PEGGY—I think the exhibit went off pretty well this afternoon. But isn't it hard to make outsiders understand?

ESTHER—Yes, they see the things we make, but they never will know what it means to make them, until they try it themselves.

MARIAN (pats pottery she is working on)—You know, since I've learned to make pottery, I never care to sit around and read trashy novels any more. Mother nearly fainted the other day when she discovered me reading Browning.

BETTY—Well, I should think she would! Marian, what were you reading Browning for?

MARIAN—I was looking up the different ways poets and writers have used the potter's wheel in figures of speech, and so got to reading Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

TILLIE—Next week I'm going to begin making myself a fall dress with my own symbol worked on it.

ESTHER—Tillie, I don't see how you find time to do so much when you work five and a half days in the week. You're the most achievingest thing what is, isn't she, girls?

TILLIE—Well, if I want to do anything very much, I manage to find time to do it, don't you? And I used to spend my evenings at the movies, but since Melkedase has taught me how to stencil and design my own ideas into things, I have something more interesting to do evenings.

(Call outside, "Wohelo.")

ALL (scrambling to their feet)—It's Melkedase.

(Enter Melkedase with Any Girl.)

MELKEDASE—I've brought Any Girl with me. She kept

her promise and came to the city to see us.

GIRLS (delightedly)—Any Girl!

ANY GIRL—I have been so lonesome since that afternoon in the woods, that I have come to the city to see if I can get a position here, and then I can stay where there is some excitement.

GRACE—What a shame to leave the country for the city!

GERTIE—We were just wishing ourselves back in the woods.

PEGGY—I'd gladly change places with you.

MELKEDASE—Well, we want Any Girl to be one of us tonight. She can decide afterward whether she wants to stay here or go back to the country.

(Melkedase motions to Tillie, who puts the three candles in the center, and turns the lights low. All sit in a circle, Any Girl sitting beside Melkedase.)

MELKEDASE—Segoon, will you light the light of work?

PEGGY (takes lighted taper from Melkedase and kneels to light one candle)—I light the light of work, for Wohelo means Work. (Rises.)

Wohelo means Work.

We glorify work because through work we are free.

We work to win, to conquer, to be masters.

We work for the joy of working and because we are free.

Wohelo means Work.

MELKEDASE (giving lighted taper to Betty)—Wahzee, you may light the light of health.

BETTY—I light the light of health, for Wohelo means health. (Rises.)

Wohelo means health.

We hold on to health, because through health we serve and are happy. In caring for the health and beauty of our persons, we are caring for the very shrine of the Great Spirit.

Wohelo means health.

MELKEDASE (giving taper to Grace)—Nuta, you may light the light of love.

GRACE (kneeling)—I light the light of love, for Wohelo means love. (Rises.)

Wohelo means love.



We love love for love is life, and light and joy and sweetness. And love is comradeship and motherhood and fatherhood, and all dear kinship. Love is the joy of service so deep that self is forgotten.

Wohelo means love.

(Group sings "Give Service" song.)

**"GIVE SERVICE" SONG.\***

(To be sung to the tune of the Welsh song, "The Men of Harlech.")

We who tread the leafy hollow,  
And the winding streamlet follow,  
Free of heart as yon swift swallow,  
What is ours to give?  
We who dwell where joys surround us,  
Health and hope and love have crowned us,  
All the best of life has found us,  
What is ours to give?

Service gladly rendered,  
Service freely tendered,  
Words of cheer, when days are drear,  
By courage high engendered.  
Gold we've none to fill your coffer,  
Richer still the gift we proffer,  
Willing hearts and hands we offer,  
These are ours to give.

**MELKEDASE**—Girls, isn't it splendid that Any Girl has come straight to us tonight, while we have all our handcraft work on display. Let's give part of our exhibit over again for her.

**TILLIE**—

Welcome, maiden here among us.  
You will find us sisters, friends.

**MELKEDASE**—For our next ceremonial meeting we are making beaded head-bands, designed in our own symbols.

**ANY GIRL**—What do you mean by symbols?

**MELKEDASE**—The symbols are the visible signs of the meanings of our Camp Fire names and ideals. Girls,

\*This song was written by Miss Esther Morton Smith, Germantown, Pa. She received a National Honor for it.

let's show our bead-bands, and tell Any Girl our names.  
(Each girl in turn shows her bead-band.)

PEGGY—

Segoon is my name, meaning Spring,  
This tiny bud I'm fashioning.

BETTY—

The tall strong pine, so true and free,  
Is emblem of my name, Wahzee.

ESTHER—

Kedlawae means constancy;  
Sun that shines so faithfully,  
Is the symbol wrought for me.

GRACE—

Nuta, to burn within, my name,  
My symbol is the steadfast flame.

MARIAN—

Minnehaha, full of laughter,  
Bears the sign of laughing water.

TILLIE—

Friend and helper, Tawasi,  
Service renders cheerfully.

ANY GIRL (clasping hands)—Oh, it is so wonderful. You found your names last summer, didn't you? You brought the trees and flowers and sunshine, and even the fire back to the city, and put them in your head-bands.

MELKEDASE—Minnehaha show your curtains to Any Girl. (Minnehaha shows curtains that she is stenciling.)

MARIAN—These curtains are for our work room.

ANY GIRL—Oh, you've painted them in the colors of the woods—green and brown. Are they hard to make? How I'd like to have some in my little room at home!

MARIAN—If I can make them, you certainly can, for I didn't know a thing about stenciling when I first began.

TILLIE (showing clay bowl she is moulding)—I'm drawing on this bowl a canoe, my symbol.

ESTHER—Do you care to hear the verses we say while we are all working with our clay?

ANY GIRL—Yes, yes!

PEGGY—

This is the way to knead the clay  
And work to smooth the lumps away.

ESTHER—

And then we round it and pat it so  
For the bottom of the cup, you know.

TILLIE—

But for the sides, we roll the clay  
Under the palms of our hands, this way.

GRACE—

Then coil it 'round the edge of the dish,  
And merge the two with your finger-tips,  
Till the cup is one roll high.

ESTHER—

Another roll on top is laid  
Until all of the loving cup is made.

TILLIE—

But don't forget to smooth it all,  
Inside and outside, too.  
Then add the handle, not too thin,  
And paint it all sky blue.

ANY GIRL— Let me have a piece of clay to try.  
(Melkedase shows her how to make a tiny cup.)

ANY GIRL—I'll make it like an acorn cup, and I'll paint  
it brown and green, to keep in the clay the memory of  
the woods, where I first saw you all.

MELKEDASE (pointing to jars of fruit, bread, etc., on  
table)—Here is the table that makes us proudest of all.

ANY GIRL (picks up jar of blueberries)—Oh, these must  
be the blueberries you picked that day.

TILLIE—Yes, our summer blueberries.

FRIEDA—And canned according to the latest, approved-  
by-the-government methods. We heard about the can-  
ning clubs through the Camp Fire Girls' magazine, so  
we got busy, and had a Washington expert come to show  
us how to do it.

ESTHER—But really it was so easy to put up that fruit.  
And my mother always thought it was such a stewing  
job.

PEGGY—She never tried to do it out under the trees, in a huge washboiler over a camp fire, or she would have thought it a perfect picnic.

BETTY—Really, though, I think baking bread is quite a hard thing to do.

MELKEDASE (laughing)—Betty hurried up to learn how to bake bread with great zeal, after her father told her she couldn't get married until she knew how.

ANY GIRL—Do you mean that you can get beads for making bread and canning fruit just as much as by doing all those other lovely things?

GRACE—Yes, anything you do at home will count toward getting honors. And you've no idea what fun it is to cook and sew, especially when it means more beads for your ceremonial gown.

ANY GIRL— Oh, I see!

MELKEDASE—And now, Any Girl, do you think you would like to be one of our fire circle?

ANY GIRL (thoughtfully)—You have all been so good to me, and I would love to come and be one of you, if I came to the city. But I guess I can't.

GIRLS—Why, we thought you had decided to stay in the city? Didn't you?

ANY GIRL—Well, I have been thinking tonight that I can have a Camp Fire in the country, too. There's Anna Berklew and Josie Holton, and several other girls within a few miles of our farm, who are just as lonely and discontented as I was. If we only could have a Camp Fire it would be different.

MELKEDASE—You can! You can!

GIRLS— You could be our sister Camp Fire.

MELKEDASE—And I know of some one this very minute who can be your Guardian, because she is going to live in the country near you.

GIRLS—Any Girl's a trump! Let's have a joy dance.

(All join hands and dance around Any Girl, singing "Give a Cheer.")

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

SCENE.—Same as Act I., except that there is no tent.

(Enter Anna Berklew and Josie Holton in ceremonial costume.)

ANNA—It's half-past four, and Toa not here yet.

JOSIE (panting)— I couldn't walk another step. What made Any Girl choose such an outlandish place for our Camp Fire twist? (Begins to collect firewood.)

ANNA—You mean "tryst," goosie. I guess she thought it was about the most central place for all the girls. (Takes out towel and hems energetically.) I must get this dishtowel hemmed before Toa gets here, so I can really be appointed Fire Maker.

JOSIE—No, I believe she did it because here was where she discovered that camping bunch two summers ago.

ANNA—Wasn't that a lucky find?

JOSIE—Yes, and just supposing she had gone off to the city and left us to grow sour in the country.

ANNA (threading needle)—Don't suggest the awful possibility.

(Enter Toa.)

ANNA—Excuse me, Toa dear, I'll be back when the other girls come, but I must finish this hem!

JOSIE—We'll exit and enter in the proper manner, when they come.

TOA—I see you have laid the fire already, faithful Josie. (Exeunt Josie and Anna.)

(Toa fusses some more with the fire, and gets out her fire-bow and rubbing sticks. Call through the woods, "Wohelo." Toa answers, "Wohelo!" and stands at back of stage facing audience.)

(Enter Elizabeth. Toa makes fire sign, and Elizabeth responds, and takes place by Toa. Enter Lillian, Bertha, Anna and Josie in succession, each giving the hand-sign. All in ceremonial costume. Then Any Girl enters, her face much more radiant than before. All sit in semi-circle about fire.)

TOA—Will the fire maiden kindle the fire tonight?

ANY GIRL (takes rubbing sticks and makes fire, while the girls sing to a chanting minor tune.)

Rolling, rolling, rolling,  
Keep the fire sticks

Quickly rolling, rolling,  
 Rolling, rolling, rolling,  
     Keep the fire sticks,  
 Quickly rolling, rolling,  
     Grinding the wood-dust,  
 Smoke arises, smoke arises,  
     And the smoke, sweetly scented,  
 It will rise, it will rise, it will rise.  
 Keep blowing, keep blowing, keep blowing,  
 Keep blowing, keep blowing, keep blowing,  
 Blowing, blowing, blowing.

(After the fire is made, Any Girl lights taper from it, and hands it to Toa.)

TOA (giving taper to Josie)—Will the Fire Maker light the fire?

(After the fire is lighted, all rise and say the "Ode to the Fire," each one repeating one phrase.)

(Toa calls roll of ceremonial names, each girl answering "Kolah.")

TOA—Will Anna read the Count of last Council Fire?

ANNA (reads count of fire.)\*

TOA—Wawa has won an honor for making a shirt waist.  
 (Josie stands.) Wawa, have you the shirt waist to show us? (Josie shows the shirt waist.)

TOA—As Guardian of the Fire, I am happy to award you this honor. (Gives Josie a green bead, which she strings on leather thongs about her neck.)

TOA—Now, that means that Wawa has worked diligently, for she has done it aside from her regular work at home. This is a good time to sing the "Work Song."

(All sing the "Work Song.")

TOA—We are to welcome one as a Wood Gatherer tonight.  
 (Bertha rises.)

ALL REPEAT:

As fagots are brought from the forest  
 Firmly held by the sinews that bind them,  
 So cleave to these others, your sisters,  
 Wherever, whenever you find them.

\*It would be well for the local Camp Fire to read its own count if it is appropriate.

Be strong as the fagots are sturdy;  
Be pure in your deepest desire;  
Be true to the truth that is in you;  
And follow the law of the Fire.

BERTHA—

As fagots are brought from the forest  
Firmly held by the sinews that bind them,  
So I'll cleave to these maidens, my sisters,  
Wherever, whenever I find them.  
I'll strive to be strong like the pine tree,  
To be pure in my deepest desire.  
To be true to the truth that is in me,  
And to follow the law of the Fire.

TOA—In token of your having fulfilled the six requirements necessary for the rank of Wood Gatherer, Toa, Guardian of the Fire, places on your finger this ring with seven fagots symbolic of the seven points of the Law of the Fire, and with three circles on either side, symbolic of the watchwords, "Work, Health, and Love." Let us repeat the Law of the Fire.

ALL—It is my desire to follow the Law of the Fire, which is to—

Seek beauty, Give service, Pursue knowledge,  
Be trustworthy, Hold on to health,  
Glorify work, Be happy.

TOA—Minnetoska, will you tell us how you chose your name?

BERTHA—Minnetoska means Happy Laughter; the law of the Fire says, "Be happy," and I have tried to earn my right to this name by washing the dishes every morning for two weeks, and being happy while I was doing it. As my symbol I chose the Black Eyed Susan, because I have brown eyes, and because the yellow of the petals stands for sunshine, and I want sunshine in my eyes for everyone.

TOA—Minnetoska brings to her Council "Happy Laughter And Sunshine." We welcome you to your place in the circle.

GUARDIAN—Ayu, have you finished all the requirements for Fire Maker's rank?

ANNA (stands)—I have.

TOA—Ayu has won the twenty elective honors as shown by the beads she is wearing. She has acceptably completed the requirements, and presents the record of her share in preparing the meals for this Camp Fire, of the time that she has slept with open windows, of the time spent in out-door exercise. She has gone without candy and sodas between meals. She also shows her cash account and the dish-towel she has hemmed.

(The account and dish-towel are passed around for inspection.)

TOA—As a Wood Gatherer you have endeavored to follow the law of the Fire; you have brought fagots to the fire; have you now a further desire to repeat in the presence of the Council?

(Anna repeats the Fire Maker's desire.)

TOA—In token of your ability and desire for service I place on your left arm the Wohelo or Fire Maker's bracelet, to show to others that you have proven your worth to wear the watchword of the Camp Fire, and I appoint you to kindle the council fire at the ceremonial meeting to be held one moon hence.

(Anna takes her place in the circle.)

TOA—There is one who has been with us from the first, who really kindled the fire for us. In her leadership and loving enthusiasm she has shown that she is worthy to become our first Torch Bearer. Uda, will you rise?

(Any Girl, looking much surprised, rises.)

TOA (Gives her a lighted fagot.)\*

I hand the torch, Uda, to you!

Oh, bear it strong and true,

That every younger Camp Fire Girl

May look for light to you.

Hold it so high that every girl

Will see it from afar,

As wanderer sees the tiny light

In morning's first bright star.

That star shines forth in splendor bright

To tell the night is o'er



# TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES ANY GIRL

To say, "There comes another day,  
I open first the door."

So when the daylight comes with joy,  
And hides your star from view,  
Some hearts will know that 'twas your star  
That brought the day's glad blue.

So bear the torch, Uda, with strength,  
Hold it so high and firm,  
That every younger Camp Fire Girl  
Will follow in her turn.

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\*This poem for appointing the Torch Bearer was composed by Miss Helen Fuchs, Guardian of Penobscot Wabanaki Camp Fire, Buffalo. She wins a National Honor for it.

ANY GIRL (reverently)—The light that has been given to me I desire to pass undimmed to others.

TOA—And now for the Mystic Fire Dance.

(Girls sing and act "Mystic Fire" around the fire.)

(After that the lights grow dim and the girls file off the stage, through the woods, singing the "Good-Night" song.)

(Tune: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes.")

The Sun is sinking in the west,  
The evening shadows fall,  
Across the silence of the lake  
We hear the loon's low call.  
So let us, too, the silence keep,  
And softly steal away  
To rest and sleep until the morn  
Brings forth another day.

THE END.



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